

# Black coffee – jazz standard

I'm feeling mighty lonesome  
Haven't slept a wink  
I walk the floor and watch the door  
And in between I drink  
Black Coffee  
Love's a hand me down brew  
I'll never know a Sunday  
In this weekday room

I'm talking to the shadows  
1 o'clock to 4  
And Lord, how slow the moments go  
When all I do is pour  
Black Coffee  
Since the blues caught my eye  
I'm hanging out on Monday  
My Sunday dream's too dry

Now a man is born to go a lovin'  
A woman's born to weep and fret  
To stay at home and tend her oven  
And drown her past regrets  
In coffee and cigarettes

I'm moody all the morning  
Mourning all the night  
And in between it's nicotine  
And not much hard to fight  
Black Coffee  
Feelin' low as the ground  
It's driving me crazy just waiting for my baby  
To maybe come around

My nerves have gone to pieces  
My hair is turning gray

All I do is drink black coffee  
Since my man's gone away

---



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych